

Hard Working Life of the Gundam Pilots

by Yasashii

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Summary: What if the gundam pilots had good 'ol normal, boring, everyday jobs? Heero tries to handle being a McDonald's cashier.....

1. Default Chapter Title

Hard Working Life Of The Gundam Pilots(and friends!)

>By: Yasashii "the aggressive kitsune"
disclaimers: I don't own Gundam Wing or any characters, they belong to the copywrited owner yadda-yadda-yadda. Just don't sue me, kay?

> I have enough problems trying to keep track of my sanity.=)

>Introduction: Yes, I'm writing more crap before the good stuff because I feel like it. My insane friend inspired me to write this when we were
reading fics about Gundam Wing, so here it is! I have decided to wreak havoc with our beloved gundam pilots and make them get normal,

>everyday jobs. In this short chapter, ever wonder what it would be like to see Heero work at a local McDonald's? Hn.....

>WARNING: If you are a Relena fan(not like there are many of those..), don't read this or any of my other fics for that matter.
 I totally bash her all the time because she is a psycho bi*ch and she must die! Rated PG because of a little violence and swearing.

> On with the chaos! Ja! ~Yasashii =)

>*****

01-Welcome To McDonald's

>
 It's the entrance to the local McDonald's where this psychotic misadventure begins. We see a girl perched oh-so-carefully upon a bunch

> of crates trying to look through the window that lets her see her crush of a lifetime, Heero Yuy. She didn't know what it was about him that
turned her on so much. He was different from other guys. It

could be that he's a gundam-pilot-turned-cashier, or it could be that he's the only
>one that has attempted to kill her several times. Or maybe it's just 'cause he wears spandex. Anyway, she watched him as he burned his arm on the
 fry griller and push the wrong buttons on the cash register. She watched him burn the burgers to an unrecognizable black disk.
> Then she watched him as he attempted to kill the various objects in question. She was Relena Peacecraft. She was the queen of the world.

 She was going inside.
>
 Meanwhile, inside Heero was watching her come in with the feeling of dread that usually accompanied her presence. It was bad enough
> that he was a famous war veteran, but he was also a POOR war veteran. Since he was not an official adult, he could only get a job that paid really
 low wages. Sucks to be Heero! But he would get her this time. No one could stop him now.....
>
(Relena walks up to the counter)
>
Heero: grumble.....hiss....Welcome to McDonald's. How may I help you?(curses incoherently)
>
Relena: I just came to cheer you up! But while I'm at it, I'll just have a cheeseburger and a chocolate shake.
>
Heero: Do you want fries with that?
>
Relena: Nah.
>
Heero: Nani!? No fries!?!(face turns red) Omaeo o korosu, Relena!(whips out gun from God knows where, and so do we(spandex!))

>
Relena: Ummm.....no, I want fries! I change my mind!

>
Heero: Super sized?(waves gun at her)
>
Relena: (gulp) Sure.
>
Heero: That'll be 13 bucks.
>
Relena: Nani! 13! You friggin moron! That's only five dollars worth of food. Can't you add?!
>
Heero: Yes. That's why I want 13. Now fork over the money, dammit!(points gun at her head)
>
Relena: You men are nothing but trash! (Heero smirks)

>
Heero: That's how I make my profit.
>
 Relena gives him her money and someone runs her over when she steps out into the parking lot.
>
Heero: That's going to leave a nasty mark.(Relena is now a greasy speed bump in the parking lot! Heero begins counting HIS money.....) One,
> two, three, four, nine, ten, eleven.....hey! She jipped me! She only gave me eleven bucks! What a cheapskate.(turns to greet next customer)
Welcome to McDonald's.....
>
end.....maybe
>

>

>What did ya think? Terrible? Great? Any comments? Let me know, I live on feedback! Oh, and if you were wondering what the Japanese words
meant, here they are:
>nani = what
omaeo o korosu = I will kill you
>ja = see ya
I plan on writing more, so you can either scream and head for the hills in horror, or you can jump for joy and wait in agonizing anticipation for
>the next chapter. Ja!(evil psychotic laughter fills the air)

>~Yasashii <p><p>

2. Default Chapter Title

Hard Working Life of the Gundam Pilots02

>by: Yasashii 'the aggressive kitsune'
Disclaimers:Do I have to go through this crap again? We all know who the characters belong to, and it sure ain't me!

>
Rated:PG for language

>
NOTE: There is no Relena-bashing this time around, sorry folks.

I know you're so disappointed. Anyway, it's Duo's turn

>to be tortured by yours truly. Have fun! Ja!
~Yasashii =)

>

>
 The scene is set on a bright, sunny afternoon on a typical, rich neighborhood block. We see Duo Maxwell

> standing at one end of the block wearing a blue mailman outfit with a big sack of mail slung over his shoulder.
 His mission: to deliver the mail to everyone without killing any animals.

>
Duo: Hn. Must deliver mail. The God of Death was never meant to be a mailman.

>
 So, our mailboy went to every house and dutifully put the mail in each mailbox and finished in five minutes.

>The End(not! That was no fun! Let's backtrack and make Deathboy deliver the mail the hard way.)

> Duo walked up to the first of five houses on the block. At the front yard, we see a sign.

>Duo: 'Beware of.....Snake.' What!? That's gotta be some kinda joke or somethin.

> So, our 'hero' walks up the sidewalk and is about to reach the mailbox when he is suddenly pulled to the ground by his ankle.

>Duo: What the Hell....(sees BIG snake looming over him) Kisama! Get away from me, you overgrown tube sock!(quickly reads name
 tag around snake's neck) 'Sam the Snake?'

>
Sam: Yesss?

>
Duo:(flailing his arms about while Sam is still wrapped around his leg) Get me out of here!!!

>
Sam: The ssssign sssaid to beware, but you didn't lisssten. Now I'm afraid I mussst sssqueezzzze you to death.

>
Duo: But,but,but.....you can't kill someone in the U.S. Postal Service!

>
Sam: You're the mailman?

>
Duo: Yes! For God's sake, let me go!

>
Sam: You didn't read the fine print. Mailmen are alwayssss admitted here. Have a niccce day.(slinks away)

>
 Duo delivers the mail and moves on. He didn't have a whole lot of trouble at the next three houses, if you don't count a

> sobbering St. Bernard, four pitbulls, and a cougar a lot of trouble. By the time he reached the last house he was almost afraid of what
 he would find on the other side of the gate.

>
Duo: It can't be any worse than the cougar.(opens the gate and sees a dog no taller than his ankle and could be best described as a walking rug)

> It's a puny dog!(bursts out laughing) Oh, man, this is a hoot! I went through all of that just to face a pint sized mutt!(rolls on the ground,
 laughing and crying at the same time)

>
 After about ten minutes, Duo found the strength to stand and he

[illegible]

>

 >
Duo: Wait! There's gonna be a next time?! NNNNNN0000000! Someone
 call the mental institution!
 >
Yasashii: Come on, I'm not that bad. I'm just a little insane.

 >
Duo: You're terrible at writing! I wasn't in character at all!

 >
Yasashii: Oh, you were too.
 >
Duo: Was not!
 >
Yasashii: Was too!
 >
WAS NOT!
 >
WAS TOO!
 >
WAS NOT!
 >
WAS TOO!
 >
WAS NOT!
 >
WAS TOO!
 >
WAS NOT!
 >
WAS TOO!
 >
WAS NOT!!
 >
Yasashii: (stuffs Duo's braid into his mouth to shut him up,
 which was very effective) HE'S not in it next time!(pouts a bit, then
 give audience
 >a crazy, demented smile) Oh, well! Till next time, my amigos!

 >~Yasashii <p><p>

3. Default Chapter Title

The Hard Working Life of the Gundam Pilots 03

>By: Yasashii
Disclaimers: Of course I don't own Gundam Wing! If I
 did, I wouldn't be writing this for the hell of it. ;)
 >
NOTE: Okay, let me get this straight. Hello, everybody! I am
 completely, totally, utterly, no doubt about it INSANE. I write this
 stuff because
 > the thought amuses me and I thought everyone might enjoy my crazy
 sense of humour. I don't try to make it make sense!! Just bear with
 me.
 I'm trying to go for totally politically incorrect and
 out-of-character zaniness.Ah, me. But, if by any chance you have any
 questions you would
 >like me to answer, just e-mail me. I love e-mail! I will respond, no
 matter how stupid the question may be!

 >LAST NOTE: Okay, before I weird anybody out, there are Oompa Loompas
 in this fic. That annoying song of theirs got stuck in my head and it

was incorporated into my fic. Pinky and the Brain are in it too.
 There is no plausible reason for it, so there! b
 >~Yasashii

>*****

 It is now night time at
 a local pizza joint where our next victim.....uh, I mean, pilot,
 awaits his orders and for his shift to begin as a pizza
 >delivery boy.

 >Trowa: This time I won't turn the steering wheel so hard that it
 comes off.

 > THWACK! A knife with notebook paper attached lands mere inches
 from Trowa's head:

 > Trowa,

 > Don't disappoint me this time, pal. You completely totaled the

Chevy pickup last night. The light poles are supposed to be there and

they are not search lights! I'm praying that your shift goes
well. Ciao!

>
 Luv always,
>
 Catherine

>
 Below her note, a list of addresse indicated the places where
he needed to go to tonight. With a heavy sigh, Trowa put on his cap,

>gathered up the pizzas, and headed out the door.

> It was a beautiful night, no clouds, there was a slight breeze, all
was quiet and calm..... until tou drive out to
hightway 47.
 People were honking their horns left and right and
many, I repeat, MANY cars were in the ditch. In front of it all,
Trowa was pushing 80mph,
>using his brakes unpredictably and he didn't use his blinkers. In
other words, he was driving like a maniac or an old man in a hat,
whichever you
 prefer.(of course, I'm not surprised since it must
be hard to see past his unibang sometimes.)

>
Trowa: (hearing the horns) Sorry!(he yells out the window) Outta
my way! I got pizzas to deliver!

>
 By this time, there are various dents in the car from driving
over curbs, into trees and lamp posts, into pay phones, into other
people's
>garages living rooms/ kitchens/ bathrooms, and from people throwing
various objects at him because of his 'driving.' A 'BUMP!' is heard

>closely followed by the screeching of a cat.

>Trowa: Oops. That's the third cat I've run over tonight.(he's saying
all his lines with a straight face)

>Oompa Loompas:(crossing the road, singing.....) Oompa loompa
doo-pi-ty----AAAAAAHHHHHH!!!(all Oompa Loompas scamper off the road

in terror as Trowa and his car of doom descend upon them. Well,
all except one. This is a very angry Oompa Loompa. Let's call him
Fred for
> the sake of a name.)

>Fred:(flips Trowa the bird and sings at the top of his little
lungs...) Oompa loompa doo-pi-ty-dee, keep your fucking car away from
me! What do
 you get from someone who can't drive? An accident is
sure to arrive! Oompa loompa doo-pi-ty-dip, there's no need to act
like a prick! You
>will live in happiness too, with the Oompa Loompa
doo-pi-ty-doo!(Trowa proceeds to run him over)

>Trowa: I never liked Oompa Loompas.(Splat!)(A.N.-psychotic, isn't
it? You think he would've totaled the car by now.)(Anyway, down the
street a
 little ways.....)

>
Brain: Pinky, the plan has failed.(Pinky is is seemingly staring
off into space, but he's really watching Trowa come toward them)
Pinky, are you
>pondering what I'm pondering?

>Pinky: I think so Brain, but where are we going to find a giant
spatula to peel ourselves off the pavement with later?(Trowa chooses
this moment
 to run them over, leaving a giant spatula to be
desired as they are very much flattened to the road)

>
Brain: Pinky, remind me to hurt you later.(Brain's back cracks)
I hurt.

>
 These are the kinds of things that happen the rest of the
night. But where are the police? They never know he is out there
because
>anyone who sees this deilvery boy doesn't live to tell about it.
Look on th bright side, he got all the pizzas delivered. But the

saddest thing was,
 he accidentally ran over the original Cadbury bunny and three more fire hydrants, and the car stopped running when he was in the middle of the
> golf course. Oh, well. There's always tomorrow
night.....

>End.....for the meantime (evil laughter can be heard echoing off the walls).

>Don't flame me too bad for running Fred over. Oompa Loompas get annoying if you watch them enough.

>~Yasashii <p><p>

4. Default Chapter Title

The Hard Working Life of the Gundam Pilots 04

>by: Yasashii
Disclaimers: Here we go again. I don't own it. Leave me alone.

>
NOTE: This is a Relena-bashing warning. If you want to see her thrown out a window or see her get

> mixed up with fire crackers, by all means, read on. Also, if you don't like chibis and extreme
cuteness, you don't belong here, go away. Have fun(or, as they say in Germany)Viel Spass!

>~Yasashii

>*****

 Morning has arrived and the birds are singing, the roosters are crowing, and the sun is

>shining. Sure, out in the country! But in the city, the cars are driving by, the streets are
dirty(hmm...how did that fire hydrant blow up? ;)) and the smog is impenetrable. Then, we hear a

>scream coming from the local day care.....

>Chibi Relena: Katwa!!! Heero told me that he wanted to kill me again!(zoom in on chibi Heero
pointing a gun made out of legos at chibi Relena)

>
Chibi Heero: Then stop following me!

>
 Quatre Raberba Winner sighed as the normal fight between chibi Relena and chibi Heero

>began anew. Most of the other children were playing nicely with each other, until chibi Duo came
up and tackled or gave a wedgie to

some poor, unsuspecting chibi. Then there would be a fight

>which Quatre had to break up. For instance, at this moment, c.Duo was sneaking up on c.Noin, who
was too busy to notice c.Duo because she was glomped onto c.Zechs' arm. Quatre couldn't do two

>things at once, so....

>Quatre: Heero, how many times have I told you that guns are bad and that you can't kill Relena?
(c.Treize walks by)

>
C.Treize: One million, six hundred and seventy-eight.

>
C.Heero: Omaeo o korosu, Treize!(points gun at c.Treize and pulls the trigger. A little lego

>shoots out and hits c.Treize in the forehead)

>C.Treize: Hey, that hurt! Katwa!! Heero shot me!

>Quatre: Heero.....do I have to get Wing Zero out?

>C.Heero: Hn.(mulls it over) No.

>Quatre: Good. Now, your mission is to go to the time out corner and think about what you did.

>C.Heero: Mission accepted.(goes to corner. Meanwhile, c.Noin is

beating on c.Duo)

>Quatre: Noin, leave Duo alone, please.

>C.Noin: But, Duo hit me on the head with something and he won't give it to me!

>Quatre: (kneeling in front of c.Duo) Duo, let me have it.

>C.Duo: Okay.....here.(hands him a toy sized scythe)

>Quatre: Oi....(someone tackles Quatre from behind)

>C.Dorothy: Why can't you die!?(starts gnawing on his ankle)

>Quatre: Itai!(tries to shake her off, but c.Dorothy just tightens her hold on Quatre's leg.
He sees a squirt gun on a table nearby and shoots c.Dorothy with it.)
>
C.Dorothy: Nani!?
>
Quatre: (still squirting her so she becomes soaking wet) Take that! And that! Back, Dorothy,
>back!(c.Dorothy gets tired of being wet and scampers away) Whew. I swear that girl has ADD or
something. (puts gun back on table and sees c.Relena whiz by his head.) Oh, great.
>
 Quatre goes to see if c.Relena is okay because she hit the far wall. She stands up and
>begins walking away. She is dazed from the.....um.....collision, and bumps into Quatre. That's
when he notices that someone has stuffed fire crackers down her shirt and they were about to go

>off any second now.

>Quatre: ACK!(tosses c.Relena out the window)

>(boom! cackle-sizzle.....it's a nice light show!)

>C.Relena:(screams incoherently)

>Quatre: Who did that!?(silence) Where did I put Wing Zero.....(everyone points at c.Zechs)

>C.Zechs: Okay, I did. She was trying to steal my play-doh so I got rid of her.(c.Noin does
cheers for HER c.Zechs. Awww..)

>
Quatre: Violence is no way to solve your problems. Tell me if she does it again.
>
C.Zechs: I don't think she will.(c.Relena walks in with fried hair and clothing torn and sooty
>and.....well, you get the picture)

>Quatre: Oops. Sorry Relena.(c.Relena goes off to sulk in a corner)

> As everyone was going back to their regular activities, c.Wufei and c.Sally Po began
playing Candyland. For a while, everything was just fine except for the fact that C.Sally Po has
>a habit of winning every game she plays. On the fifth game as c.Sally was passing chocolate
monster near the end, c.Wufei noticed something.....
>
C.Wufei: You're cheating! You're palming the cards! Sounds like something only a woman would
>do.

>C.Sally: I'm not cheating!

>C.Wufei: A true warrior doesn't cheat or lie. Especially when Candyland is on the line! You
weakling!(whips out a bazooka from hammerspace and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.
>He pulls it again. Nothing happens)

>C.Sally: (giggles)

>C.Wufei: Nani?(points the bazooka at himself so he can see if anything is stuck. C.Sally sneaks
up on him and pulls the

trigger. SPLAT! C.Wufei is now covered in cherry flavored bubble gum,
 >which WAS stuck in the bazooka.) Well, that was stupid.(c.Sally
 laughs until c.Dorothy comes up
behind her and shoots her with a
 water pistol)
 >
C.Sally: HEY! Come back here, you chibi fiend!
 >
(water war ensues)
 >
Hours(and many towels)later, Quatre finally got to sit down and
 relax. It was finally nap
 >time. Looking around the room, we see c.Duo sleeping under the
 window with c.Heero clutching his
braid
 rather...erm...possessively. C.Relena tries to snuggle up to c.Heero,
 but the authoress
 >reminds c.Relena that c.Heero has a lego gun, so she keeps quite a
 fair distance away. Off in
another corner, c.Zechs and c.Noin are
 sleeping under the same blanket(awww..). In the opposite
 >corner, c.Treize is hugging c.Une while in sleep. C.Dorothy is
 leaning on one side of a big
cabinet, holding the aforementioned
 water pistol. On the other side of the cabinet, c.Wufei is
 >cuddling his teddy bear(named Nataka)(awww..). C.Sally Po is hanging
 halfway off the top of the
said cabinet. Quatre is about to doze
 off as well when he feels someone tugging at his pant leg.
 >It is c.Trowa, looking up at him with wide, baleful green eyes.

 >C.Trowa: Katwa, I can't sleep. Will you hold me?(holds out his arms
 and his pretty green eyes
become impossibly wider)(Awwwww.....)
 >
 Now, how can anyone resist this extreme of chibi cuteness?
 Quatre sure couldn't.
 >
Quatre: Awww...(picks up c.Trowa and holds him in his lap.
 C.Trowa yawns cutely and curls up in
 >Quatre's lap and falls asleep)

 > After about ten minutes, Quatre was getting tired of holding
 c.Trowa and his foot was
falling asleep. So Quatre carefully set
 c.Trowa down. He breathed a sigh of relief as c.Trowa
 >kept sleeping. For about five seconds. C.Trowa's eyes popped open
 and looked up at Quatre. His
little chibi eyes began watering,
 and.....Quatre picked him up again. C.Trowa
 >quickly fell asleep.

 >Quatre: (twitching his foot to wake it up, and failing) Great. I'm
 never gonna be able to
get up.....
 >

 >

 >
End.....(Awwwww....I should do more of these more often!)

>

 > That wasn't too disgustingly kawaii, was it? I just had to do it,
 especially with the chibi
Trowa thing(cute squealing noises are
 heard). Till next time!
 >~Yasashii ;) <p><p>

5. Default Chapter Title

Hard Working Life of the Gundam Pilots 05

>by: Yasashii

>NOTE: Ummm.....I need help....(not mental help, you mean
 people....well, you may actually be
right) I need ideas! I still
 have at least three chapters to finish and I need

>suggestions. Let's see....I still need ideas for Treize's chapter and I need ideas for Wufei's
trial(he's accused of killing Sally Po's cat and Treize is his lawyer here and in his chapter),
>and possibly an epilogue. If any of you out there have ideas, put them in the reviews or e-mail
me. If I decide to use your idea, I will give you credit for it. I abhor stealing other
>people's creations. Thanx!

>
DEDICATIONS:This fic is dedicated to those who pity vacuum salesmen and/or hate cats.
>~Yasashii ;)

>*****
>*****

>Chapter 05: Mr.Fluffypants' Last Stand

>Unknown Person: No, I don't want to buy a vacuum!(slams door)

> What a beautiful day. The sun is high in the sky and the wind is slightly blowing.....
oh, forget it! It's hot as hell out here! Get me some lemons or an ice cube!

>(author takes a short
break.....
.
.....okay. The author feels
much better now, which is more

>than I can say for our door-to-door vacuum salesman, Chang Wufei.)

> Wufei is wearing a white t-shirt, blue jeans, a baseball cap, and sandals while lugging
around a huge case containing a two-piece vacuum and brochures for the company. He looked quite
>composed considering the weather.

>Wufei: (staring at the closed door) A true warrior would buy a vacuum from me. Plus, I need to
get paid.

>
 So, Wufei began to haul the said vacuum luggage to the next house. Ding-dong!

>
Howard: Hello, how may I help you...Wufei!? Well, how nice to see you (both guys silently curse
>the gods). How have you been?

>Wufei: I am well. Buy a vacuum cleaner from me.

>Howard: Why?

>Wufei: Because every true warrior needs a vacuum to clean up with after battle. Plus, you get a
chance to win an all-expense-paid cruise in the Bahamas.

>
Howard: (eyes vacuum suspiciously) Ummmmmm.....(looks behind himself where many vacuums are piled
>up in the kitchen leading to his room(A.N.- You'll get this if your mind is often in the gutter.
Not my idea. It's an inside joke between my sicko friends.)). I'll take two.

>
Wufei: Nani? Two, you said? Umm...whatever.(Howard pays for the two vacuums and quickly shuts

>the door behind him. Inside, we hear a vacuum begin to run.....(don't ask.)) Hn. On to the
next house.

>
 Here we go again. Ding-dong!

>
Sally Po: Hello? Wufei, what a pleasant surprise. Please, come in.(Sally leads the way into

>the living room) What's that you got there?

>Wufei: The vacuum you will buy from me.(both hear cats and dogs screeching in the next room)

>Sally: (having not heard Wufei,) Hey! No killing in the house! That is strictly an outdoor
activity!(runs into next room to break up/move the fight)

stupid computer, Die! So, I will be getting a new one out to you

>shortly. Let's see here- what am I forgetting? Oh yeah, the plot set up! Um, this one centers around Zechs and Noin. Don't count on romance,
I'm not a mushy-lovey-dovey person! Viel spass!

>~Yasashii ;)

>*****

>06-The Fan Girls' Obsession for Today

> It is a blisteringly hot day in the Bahamas. The sands on the beaches are warm and the water is blessedly cool. 'Twould be a shame if
somebody got blown out to sea or drowned, now wouldn't it? That's what the world created lifeguards for! Look, here comes one now. It's.....

>.....Zechs Merquise! Yes, he's the main lifeguard on a certain tropical beach out there somewhere(A.N.- I'm gonna have a field
day with this=)). He was perched on one of those high white chairs with his long, platinum blonde hair slightly blowing in the breeze and his

>bangs hung in front of his gorgeous ice blue eyes. Plus, he was wearing those cute little red trunks all the lifeguards wear! He has quite a good
tan(if I do say so myself) and his own personal female fan club. They were a big problem, because every time he tried to do his job, there they

>were, just waiting for the opportunity to jump him. Let's just say that he didn't want to get out of his chair anytime soon. He was half asleep
when the smell of smoke alerted him.

>
Zechs: What the hell...(looks down and sees 20 girls with torches trying to burn the chair down) This is not good. Get away bit-I mean--ladies.

>I have a job to do!(the girls only giggle as they keep burning the chair)Kso!

> Zechs frantically looks around to find a way out of this terrible circumstance. To find that there is no way out, Zechs looks up at a
nonexistent camera and holds up a little sign that has "HELP!" written on it. A cracking sound is heard and the chair leans far to the right.

>Another "crack!" and the chair falls dangerously forward and off falls Zechs. The next few minutes are spent trying to disentangle himself
from the vultures people like to call 'single women.'

>
 Behind a nearby tree, Lucrezia Noin is watching as Zechs tries to walk down the beach, but finds it extremely difficult when women

>are attached around his waist, on both arms, on his neck, and clinging to both legs. Noin is laughing her ass off, so to speak.

>Zechs: Kisaamaaaa!!!(he falls over and Noin laughs harder)

>Noin: This is so frigging hilarious!(Lady Une walks up behind her and smacks her in the head)

>Une: Hey! This is no laughing matter! He needs help!

>Noin: How about this?(snickers as she holds up a crowbar)

>Une: (as if she hadn't heard Noin) I don't think I've ever seen such a big pile of women before.(Noin eyes Une strangely) Just look at that,
it's disgusting!(Noin eyes pile) And to think they're

probably all groping him this very minute.(Noin's face turns red with jealousy. The flames

>leap in her eyes as she thinks of popping off all their pretty little heads, one by one) Hey, do you think he can breathe under there?

>Noin:(she's lost it) Outta my way, I have a lifeguard I have to save!(marches over to pile and begins throwing women around like rocks)

> As Noin is 'combing' through the pile, a gasping noise is heard followed by one hand at the bottom of the pile. Noin grabs the hand
and tugs with all her might. Out pops Zechs! Noin hoists him over her shoulder Tarzan style and runs off before the mob can recover.

>
Noin:(As she's running) Some lifeguard YOU are. You can't even save yourself!

>
Zechs: Could've, if you'd given me a couple more seconds. Uh, Noin, could you put me down now?

>
Noin:(blushes as she realizes that they were on the opposite side of the beach and she was still carrying him) Oh, right.(dumps him in a heap

>on the sand)

>Zechs:(leaps up and runs around screaming) Ow! A crab bit me! You put me down on a crab and it bit me in the butt!

Owowowowowowoweeeeee!

>
Noin:(laughs) You're just not cut out for this job, are you?(falls over with laughter when Zechs accidentally steps on a little girls' sand castle)

>
 Zechs looks down sheepishly at his foot, which was imbedded in the castle. Look at it this way, it now has a permanent sun roof!

>ANYWAY, he was still stinging from embarrassment, or was it the crab bite? as he scanned the beach to make sure that not very many people
were watching. The sound of Noin's laughter catches his attention and his head swings around to look at her. It's a classic picture, she was on

>her back, hugging her arms across her stomach, and her legs were kicking up into the air. She was laughing so hard that she was crying. He
stalked over to her. As his shadow fell over her, Noin looked up at him. He wasn't smiling, but she saw the unmistakeable light in his eyes that

>told her he was up to something.

>Noin: Zechs, what are you.....

> Before she can say anything more, he picked her up and headed toward the surf. Needless to say, Noin freaked.

>Noin: No! What do you think you're doing!(tries to climb up onto his shoulders) You big oaf, put me down! No! Not in the water!

>Zechs: You haven't apologized.(keeps walking as Noin begins laughing and yelling frantically at the same time)

>Noin: Okay, okay, I apologize for laughing at your misfortune!(Zechs stops) Now, put me down!(Zechs lifts her over his head and tosses her
into the surf. She resurfaces, sputtering) HEY! What did you do that for, you big jerk?

>
Zechs: You didn't say please.(Noin glares at him)

>
 Suddenly, everything became deathly silent. Noin and Zechs looked at the sand, which was beginning to vibrate. They could faintly

>hear screaming and a long way down the beach was a huge dust cloud. The fan girls were coming for him. Noin saw Zechs quickly looking for
a place to hide. She followed his gaze: There were prickly bushes

off to his left, an ice cream cart to his right, and there was a shrimp boat
>sailing in the distance. Then he looked directly at Noin with those beautiful eyes, and jumped into the water.

>Noin: What are you DOING!

>Zechs: Just stay there and don't move.

> Before she could say anything more, Zechs dipped beneath the surface of the water. The screams of the fan girls were coming

closer.....and closer.....
>
Noin: AAAAHHHHH!!!(looks down and barely sees that Zechs has taken hold of her legs and was hugging them for dear life)
>
 The fan girls show up, carrying chains, torches, and ropes with a crazed look in their eyes. They look rather confused at the fact that
>all they find is a woman standing stock still in chest deep water. They look on as her eyes widen slightly and then she begins whistling and
bathing. A rubber ducky appears out of nowhere and the strange woman(Noin)picks it up hastily, squeaks it a couple times and looks at the
>group giving them a big, cheesy smile.

>Fan Girl #1: Umm.....excuse me, miss.....um, have you, by any chance, seen a lifeguard with platinum blonde hair and blue eyes around here?

>Noin: Nope! I've just been here.....taking my.....taking...my....bath!

>Fan Girl #2: In your swimsuit?

>Noin: Well, I.....was.....just, umm, playing with.....my rubber ducky! His name is George and, I, uh....like....to...talk to him!(begins babbling at
'George')
>
Fan Girl #1: Well, if you see him let us know.(they all run like a bat out of hell in the direction they came from)
>
Noin: Whew.
>
 Zechs pokes half of his head out of the water. His wet hair sticks to his face as his eyes scan the beach wearily for the crazed fan girls.
>Then, seeing that they are gone, stands proudly as he has evaded the dreaded menaces. Noin pushes him back into the water and begins splashing
him. He regains his balance and a splashing war begins. We pull back from the scene to avoid getting water on this very expensive camera lens
>and come back later to a sweet moment on the beach as the two watch the sunset. Zechs leans over and whispers in her ear. She blushes, and
turns to face him. His face inches towards hers, her eyes drift shut,.....and the camera unexpectedly swings away. The camera bobs up and
>down, as if someone is walking. The object of the camera's affection seems to be a rather large chocolate cake sitting on top of a picnic basket.
The person behind the camera forgets that they have to take the camera away from their face before stuffing their face in something, and the lens
>is soon covered in chocolate frosting.

>Yasashii: Duoooo! ACK!(seeing the frosted lens) You imbecile! I paid good money for that cake, and the camera, but you made an indentation
in MY CAKE!(leaps at Duo, making the screen fuzzy, so the rest is audio only)
>
Duo: Heero-chan!!! Help meeeee!!
>
Yasashii: Heero won't be able to tell what the hell you are after I'm finished with you!
>
Heero: Stop chasing MY Duo, Yasashii, or I'll shoot you!(all three are yelling at each other, presumably in a three way chase)

>
Zechs: Hey! What happened to us!? This is supposed to be all about me!

>
Noin: Who says? I'm the one who saved your butt more than once, pal.

>
Zechs: The title clearly states that this story is about a pilot.

>
Noin: I AM a pilot, you dolt.(they begin arguing about who the star is)

>
Wufei: Stupid people. Why can't they learn to shut off the recording button?(screen goes blank.....)

>

>

>

>End.....until the next chapter

>

>

>
 I was probably on caffeine when I wrote this. Don't worry about it. Oh, hey peoples.....I'll let you know when my e-mail works.

>I have to configure it as I just had to reinstall the operating system. Until then, you must contact me through reviews. Gomen ne!

>~Yasashii ;) <p><p>

7. Default Chapter Title

The Hard Working Life of the Gundam Pilots 07

>by: Yasashii 'the aggressive kitsune'

>VERY IMPORTANT NOTE: I did a little self insertion in this chapter. There are two of my friends
I'd like you all to meet. First, there's Eyodius Belladonna. She's basically my partner in

>crime and she's the one who brought out my psychotic side. Then there's Lunette. She's a
kitsune (like myself)and she's my cousin. She and Eyo have this thing for Himura Kenshin and

>fight over him all the time. Eyo usually comes out the victor. Well, that's the very basic
scoop on them, so on with the fic!

>~Yasashii ;)

>Disclaimer: Well, lets just say that I'm not rich and leave it at that.

> The scene opens in front of a big office building at least 20 stories high. Above the front
door, "OZ Lawers" are written in big gold letters. The doors open, revealing a very pristine

>appearance. There are elevators and hallways up the wazoo, but since we have one particular
office in mind, we'll just zoom in there.

>
 The office in question is rather large. It has expensive pictures hanging on the wall, deep

>navy carpet, and in one corner is a white leather sofa which is never used. In the other corner,
there is a big oak desk (you know, the kind you could play regulation ping-pong off of) with a

>computer sitting on top of it. We hear the furious clacking of a keyboard followed by curses that
would have given your grandmother a heart attack. Over the doomed computer, a few golden brown

>locks of hair can be seen. A hand reaches to the left and pushes a button. The door swings open,
revealing Relena Peacecraft in a business outfit.

>
Relena: Yes, Mr. Trieze?

>
 Trieze leans back in his white leather chair, locking his hands behind his head. He eyes

>Relena, wondering why she was working here. He really wanted to get rid of her, but she was doing
an annoyingly good job. Oh, well.

>
Trieze: Miss Relena, I would like to see my case assignments.

>
Relena: Yes, sir. Right away. (Begins to leave)

>
Trieze: Oh, and Miss Relena?

>
Relena: (Turns around hastily, plastering a smile on her face) Yes?

>
Trieze: I left a box in the trunk of my car. I believe this room needs some accessorizing, so I

>brought the necessary items. please retrieve it. (tosses her the keys to his BMW)

>Relena: Of course. (As she shuts the door, we see a picture of her taped on the back of the door
with a bullseye drawn on it)

>
 Relena returns a few moments later with a stack of files and plots them down of Trieze's

>desk. She leaves, complaining about how she broke a nail. Trieze waits a few moments, then he
opens a desk drawer and pulls out a handful of darts. He throws one at Relena's picture, and it >hits the left eye. He then looks dejectedly at his computer.

>Trieze: You just can't play cards on the computer. It always cheats.

> Just then, a certain someone named Dorothy burst into the office. At first, Trieze didn't
recognize her, but that was mainly because most of her hair was missing and her eyebrows were >shaved off. She had a wild look in her eyes that basically said
"I'll get my revenge, God damnit!!"

>
Dorothy: I must sue him! He must not live financially well off for what he did to me!

>
Trieze: Who?

>
Dorothy: (runs her fingers over her now buzzed hair)Quatre Raberba Winner, of course. He. Cut. My.

>Hair!

>Trieze: Why did you let him cut your hair?

>Dorothy: I didn't LET him! He must've cut it while I was asleep!

>Trieze: If you were sleeping, how do you know it was him?

>Dorothy: Who else would?

>Trieze: (whistles, as if he hadn't heard such a stupid question)

>Dorothy: Can't I sue him for sexual harrassment or breaking and entering or something?

>Trieze: Not without proof.

>Dorothy: Fine! I'll get proof! MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! (runs out like a madwoman)

> As she is leaving, she runs into someone who is trying to enter the office. They both
tumble to the ground, with Dorothy's face getting up close and personal with the floor, and the

>unknown person sitting on her back. With surprising strength, Dorothy leaps up to a vertical
stance, sending the other person

across the office, over Trieze's head, and against the wall. He

>looked rather like a bug on a windshield. Trieze stands up and closes the door and looks behind
him at his flattened client.

>
Trieze: Wufei, jsut how do you propose I peel you off the wall?

>
Wufei: (In a muffled and pained voice) Oh, shut up you sadistic, manipulating freak and help me

>down from here!

> Trieze does so and Wufei brushes himself off, feeling very disoriented. We see that he is
wearing a shirt that says "I love vacuums. They clean up the injustice in the world." across the

>front. He sits in a chair across from Trieze's desk, looking like he'd rather jump out a window
that be there at the moment.

>
Trieze: Well, Wufei, what brings you here?

>
Wufei: Look in that folder which you have neglected all week.

>
 Trieze looks at the folder, which has been left suspiciously untouched all week. There was

>a layer of dust on it, and various bugs were walking across it.

>Trieze: (lifting one elegant eyebrow) I didn't know dust collected that fast.

> Trieze picks up the folder and scans it. As his eyes move back and forth over the paper, he
"hmmmed" and "uh huh"ed to himself until he reached the top of the third page. His eyes stopped

>and widened in surprise. He flipped between pages two and three to make sure he read right. He
then put down the file and looked at Wufei as if he were an alien.

>
Trieze: You sucked up a cat with a vacuum?!

>
Wufei: Yes.

>
Trieze: As far as I know, vacuums don't kill cats. Can't you just retrieve it from the bag?

>
Wufei: No, I modified it.

>
Trieze: What do you mean, "modified"?

>
Wufie: I put a meat grinder in the hose.

>
Trieze: (rubs his temples in frustration) What in God's name were you thinking?!

>
Wufei: It's my justice vacuum. It sucks up anything evil. Hey, is there anything evil in here?

>
Trieze: Nooo..... anyway, your trial is a month from now and figuring out a defense for you will

>be rather tricky....

> Trieze whips out a pen and pad of paper with a logo on the top: "OZ Layers. We may be
assholes, but we eventually get the job done."

He began jotting down notes and figures, involving

>bungee jumping, Scooby Doo amd meatloaf. Satisfied, he looked up at Wufei, who had a quizzical
look on his face.

>
Trieze: What are you staring at?

>
 Wufei points behind him at a huge glass window. Trieze turns around, and becomes very

>puzzled himself. Somehow, there are three girls hanging by ropes outside the window. One is
Yasashii, who is in the middle. The one on the right is also a kitsune with straight silver hair

>and ears and slate colored eyes. the girl on the left had shoulder length red hair and violet
eyes. All were smiling psychotically and waving madly at Wufei. they also wore shirts that said

>"I Love Wufei!" (the "love" was actually a heart with Wufei's head in the middle)

>Wufei: What the Hell?!.....(Yasashii gives Wufei the thumbs up sign)

>Voice: (yelling from above) Hey, Eyo! I can't hold you guys up there forever!! (the redhead
looks up)
>
Eyodius: Just a couple more minutes, Heero! We just got their attention! (blows a kiss at Wufei)
>
Yasashii: (smacks Lunette, who's just staring off into space) Hey, Lunette, are you just going to
>fantasize about Kenshin all day, or are you going to help us support Wufei?

>Lunette: Eh? Oh! (winks at Wufei) Happy now? (goes back to her own little dream world)

>Eyodius: You Bitch! Kenshin is MINE! You can't have him!

> Eyo reaches for Lunette's throat, but misses and shoves Yasashii instead. Yasashii collides
with Lunette and Lunette crashes through the window, landing on Trieze. Eyo takes a pocket knife

>and cuts through the rope that Heero was using to hold her up. She leaped through the window as
well. She had a psychotic gleam in her eyes as Lunette ran like a bat outta Hell into the
>hallway. Eyo begins the hunt, when Wufei's voice stops her.

>Wufei: Hey, Eyo, aren't you a kuroitenshi?

>Eyodius: Yeaaaaaaahhh....

>Wufei: So, um, then why were you hanging by a rope if you can float?

>Eyodius: (pouts cutely) Yasashii made me. (points at Yasashii, is still hanging outside with a
vacant expression on her face) Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a kitsune to kill. Bye! (runs
>out, leaving flame tracks in her wake)

> Yasashii leaps in and takes a seat next to Wufei. She examines her finger nails and
whistles a tune to herself. She looks up, seeing Wufei and Trieze staring at her expectantly.
>
Yasashii: Don't worry, she'll be back. I'll just wait here. You can pretend I'm not here.
>
 So, Wufei and Trieze began the conversation anew. Bu Yasashii was making it difficult to
>get anything done.

>Yasashii: What does this button do?

>Trieze: AHHHHH! You crashed my computer!!

>Yasashii: Oops. Hey, what's that do? (all the lights go out) Hehe. My bad.

> So, they talked in the dark until, suddenly, the lights go back on, revealing Eyo by the
light switch, and she had a satisfied smirk on her face. She walks up to Wufei and picks him up,
>chair and all, and she and Yasashii parade out of the room with Wufei sitting on their shoulders.
Needless to say, the meeting was over. Just then, Relena comes back carying a huge box and plops
>it down on Trieze's desk. He holds out an expectant hand for his car keys. Relena just looks at
him quizically.
>
Trieze: Miss Relena, where are my keys?
>
Relena: What keys?
>
Trieze: The ones you opened the trunk with.
>
Relena: Oh! Those! (makes hand motions as she tries to remember what happened to them) Ah! I
>remember. I, uh, I think I accidentally locked them in your trunk.

> Trieze's head drops to his desk and his shoulders shake. Relena begins to think that he
might be crying, so she moved behind him and laid a "comforting" hand on his shoulder. Trieze >suddenly stands, actually shaking with rage. The motion sends Relena tumbling back and she falls
through the gaping hole that used to be the window. Trieze looked out the "window" and shrugged. >He felt rather stressed, so he decided to go home early. He would call the locksmith and the
agency(for a new secretary) tomorrow. He pulled out a bottle of brandy and began to idly sip from >it. He makes his way to the elevator and pushes the down button. As the doors slide open, Trieze
comes face to face with Lunette, who is hanging upside down from the ceiling. She is gagged, her >hands are tied behind her back and she was bound at the ankles to the top of the elevator.
> Trieze just casually stands next to her while she squirms and tries to voice her protests
about Eyo. The elevator stops and the doors slide open and Trieze walks leisurely out to the >street. As soon as he's on the sidewalk, he pours out all the brandy, thinking that the kitsune
hanging in the elevator was an illusion caused by alcohol. He runs his hand through his golden >brown hair and sighs.
>Trieze: Today has just not been my day...
>
>
End.... or is it? >
Nope, it's not. I still have the trial to finish. Just a little note: I like to insert my >friends and I into my fics. This is not a selfish act! If you send me flames, they will
probably be laughed at. Well, ja!

>~Yasashii ;) <p><p>

8. Default Chapter Title

Hard Working Life of the Gundam Pilots 08 -- The Trial
>By: Yasashii
Disclaimers: I know they don't belong to me, YOU know they don't belong to me. So let's call a >truce and get this fic on the road!
>NOTE: Oi, minna! Sorry it took so long to finish this chapter....maybe I shoulda done this in
two parts. Ah, well. This is my longest chapter, so you people had better like it! I woked SO >hard on this, and I won't accept flames!(smoke comes out Yasa's ears until she is hit over the
head) Hmmm...too much caffeine. Hehe. I'm oooooookaaayyyyyy!(salutes all the readers out there, >somewhere.....)
>Dedicated to all of those camera people out there. Your job is harder than it looks.....Duo can
verify it. >~Yasashii ;)

>*****

>08-The GW Files
> Spring is in the air. The birds are singing their song as romantic couples stroll through
the park. The sky is a clear blue with those puffy clouds roaming endlessly in the atmosphere. >The screen suddenly goes black and those numbers are counting down

in the middle of the screen:
5.....4.....3.....2.....beep! The screen comes into focus..... it's a close up of
>a tree. The camera jumps back and begins wandering every which way. A voice is whispering not
too far away, but the camera pays no heed.

>
Voice: Psst.....hey! I'm over here! This way!(growls in frustration as the camera keeps going
>the opposite way)Hmm....I have a neky picture of Heero!
> The camera automatically swings toward the voice to find Hirde dressed in a men in black
suit with the sunglasses sitting atop her head. She has the Sgt.Friday expression on her face
>and is wielding a microphone. Eerie X-Files music is heard playing in the background.

>Hirde: (in a nerly monotone voice)Have you ever wondered about the strange, the stupid, or the
funny? Have you ever thought about the truth? Do tou really have ten toes on your feet? Is the
>water in your swimming pool really water, or is it a clever method of mind control? All this and
more on.....(booming sound effects are heard)The GW Files. The first topic of discussion: Duo

>Maxwell is missing. Could it be...(looks dramatically to her left and right)an alien abduction?
(a hand comes out from behind the camera and waves at the presently dtoic Hirde)
>
Duo: Oi, Hirde! I'm not missing, I'm the camera guy!

>
Hirde:(looking slightly bewildered) Oh. There you are. Anyway, next on our list: the demide of

>Mr.Fluffypants. He was a pretty cat. He was a good cat.(a picture of the cat appears next to
Hirde's head) He was supposedly killed by this man. This is the only known picture on file.

>(a picture of Wufei wearing a scarf around his neck and a red g-string appears. He has a lamp
shade on his head and is waving around a bottle of Jack Daniels, obviously drunk. Duo is seen in

>the bottom corner of the picture, stuffing a dollar bill into Wufei's g-string.)Um...are you sure
this is the ONLY picture we have? Okayyyyyyy.... behind me is the courthouse where Wufei's fate

>will be decided. Let us sit back and watch these dramatic events as they unfold.(cut to camera
facing the big oak doors of the courthouse)

>
 A hand reaches out and pushes the doors open and a rather strange scenario is put upon us.

>The room is obviously split into two sections. On the right is Sally Po's group, crying their
little hearts out for Mr.Fluffypants. Among them is Relena, Dorothy, Lunette, Quatre and Noin.

>Everyone else is on Wufei's side, which is decked out in banners and people are waving little
flags and/or big foam fingers. On Sally's side, Quatre is sitting as close as he possibly can
>to Trowa, who is sitting across the aisle. As they gorpe each other, the camera spots Zechs, who
is sitting directly in front of Trowa. Noin sees him from the other side and abruptly gets up to

>go sit next to him. In the front of the room, Sally is sitting at a desk, organizing a huge
stack of papers. On the other side, Trieze is at ease and leans back in his chair. He tries to
>ignore the noise going on behind him as he mentally prepares his opening statement. Inthe front
row behind Wufei, Eyodius and Yasashii are waving little Wufei flags and are still wearing their

>"I Love Wufei!" t-shirts. Everyone sweatdrops. The silence is cut off with the shout, "Wufei
t-shirts! Get your Wufei merchandise here! Only three dollars!" It is the vendor in the back right corner of the room. Someone snaps their fingers for the vendor and he moves on. Suddenly,
the bailiff is seen standing in the front of the room.

>
Bailiff: Everyone please rise as the jury enters the room.

>
 Everyone stands, with the exception of Relena because she looks like one giant cast from

>falling out the window. A door to the far right opens..... and nothing comes out?
Oh, wait...(the camera moves down) there they are! They are all quite short and are all wearing

>white overalls and have green hair.....aw, shit. It's the Oompa Loompas! They all sneer at
Wufei and point at him while singing their song.....

>
Oompa Loommpas: Oompa Loompa doo-pi-ty-dee, no matter what you do, we will vote GUILTY! What do

>you get when you suck up a cat? We didn't know they could look like that! Oompa loompa
doo-pi-ty doo, you will be crying when we're through with you! You will go to prison too, we're

>the Oompa Loompa jury-dee-doo!

> Everyone in the court room sat or stood in shock. Most people's mouths were hanging open
in fear, while some dove under the benches in sheer horror. Trowa's panicked shout sliced

>through the air.....

>Trowa: AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH! It's the evil midgets of doom! NNNNOOOOOOOO!!(runs out of the
room screaming like a maniac)

>
 Quatre, feeling his lover's pain, left RIGHT behind him so he could comfort his poor Trowa.

>Everyone stared after them.....blink-blink. The bailiff was the first to recover, though he
was a little shaky on his feet.

>
Bailiff: Everyone please rise(they rise). Presenting Your Honor Judge Une.(Lady Une enters

>wearing one of those big black robes that judges usually wear. As she climbed to her big comfy
chair, she tripped on the robe and fell flat on her face. She quickly got up and practically

>leaped into her chair, trying to regain her composure)

>Lady Une: So, what squabble must I settle today?(yawns quite loudly)

>Bailiff: Po versus Chang.(looks over at Une, to see that she has fallen asleep) Your Honor?
(shakes her awake)

>
Une: Yeah, yeah, whatever. Let's hear the opening statements.(Sally steps forward)

>
Sally: Your Honor,(points at Wufei)that, that..... CREATURE killed my poor Mr.Fluffypants and I

>intend to outlaw vacuums and see that justice is served here today!(takes her seat)

>Une:Uh-huh. What does the defense have to say?

> Trieze stands and gives Lady Une a brilliant smile. Une blinks, now very awake.

>Trieze: Good afternoon, Your Honor. You look positively charming today.(whips out a rose and
gives it to her. Une blushes and bows her head bashfully)

>
Sally: Objection! What kind of fucked up opening statement was that?!

>
Trieze: I was merely giving the lovely judge Une a compliment. Is it wrong to be polite?

>
Sally: For a lawyer? You bet. Finding a polite lawyer is about

as common as finding the

>perfect man!

>Trieze: Are you implying that I'm perfect? Why, I never knew Miss Po.

>Sally: (incoherent choking sounds)

You.....arrogant.....sonofabitch!!

>Une: (comes back to reality) Hey!(pounds her gavel) Objection overruled. Take your seat, Sally.

>Trieze: I intend to show everyone present that Wufei was not at fault here. In fact, Sally
should be grateful to him for exterminating Mr.Fluffypants.(turns to Une) Where shall we begin,

>Your Honor?

>Une: (gives Trieze a sultry look) Anywhere you please.(lifts an eyebrow suggestively)

>Sally: He-llo!? This is supposed to be a trial, not the Dating Game! Let's get on with it!!

>Une: One more outburst like that, Sally, and I'll hold you in contempt of court!(fluffs her hair)
You may proceed and call your first witness, Sally.

>
Sally: I call as my first witness.....Wufei!(don't tell me you didn't see that one coming)

>
Bailiff: Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?(holds out

>the customary Bible)

>Wufei: Are you calling me a liar!? (whips out his sword and cuts the Bible in half. The bailiff
pales noticeably and cowers away from the witness stand, mumbling various apologies)

>
Sally: Ahem. Wufei, where were you on the day of July fifteenth at approximately

>three o'clock P.M.?

>Wufei: Selling vacuums.

>Sally: Whose house did you visit last on that day?

>Wufei: Yours, but doesn't everyone already know this useless information?

>Sally: (ignores him) Did you see a white fluffy cat with green eyes, Wufei?

>Wufei: Yes.

>Sally: Why were you staring at him? Did you contemplate killing him? Or maybe wondering how he
would taste in a kitty stew?!(slams her fist on the witness stand and glares at Wufei expectantly)

>
Trieze: Objection! Badgering the witness. Really, Sally, you should have gotten a proffessional

>to help you.

>Sally: Withdrawn. I know what I'm doing. So, did you or did you not suck up Mr.Flffypants
with a vacuum cleaner?

>
Wufei: I did.(gasps are heard from Sally's side while everyone began cheering on Wufei's side)

>
Sally: And did this said vacuum have a meat grinder installed in the hose?

>
Wufei: Yes.

>
Sally: So, by sucking up Mr.Fluffypants, he killed that which was precious to me. End of story.

>Your witness.

>Trize: I see.(completely ignores the witness stand and strolls up to the bench) So, Miss Une,
just how many peronalities do you have hiding underneath that robe?

>
Une: (licks her lips and looks into Trieze's eyes. If only.....oh, what the Hell) Recess!

>(grabs Trieze by the collar and drags him into the backroom, leaving a protesting Sally in her wake)

>Yasashii: Well, that stunk.(Eyo nods in agreement as the camera pans around the room.)

> As we look around the room, just about everyone is sleeping. Oddly enough, Quatre and
Trowa are nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, the camera jerks about wildly. As Duo tries to regain
>control of the camera, he points it down at his foot and we see.....Fifi tugging at Duo's
leg.
>
Duo: It's that stupid dog again! Get it off meeeeeeee!(Dr.G's reply is heard from afar...)
>
Dr.G: Fifi is a friendly dog, he just doesn't like you.
>
 As Duo keeps kicking his foot about, a pair of wide violet eyes look up into the camera.
>They are sweet, innocent eyes..... yeah, right.

>Eyodius: Hey, Duo.... do you need help?

>Duo:(babbles something about Fifi, nitro glycerin, and fire pits)

>Eyo: Can I borrow the camera? Thanks!(snatches the camera from Duo and slaps a label on it: The
Bishounen Camera) This fic has gotten a little too serious, methinks. Let's call this a little

>interlude from Yasa's fic, shall we?

> Eyo strolls into another room and looks around. She spots a closet nearby and slaps on
another label: The Magical Bishounen Closet. She opens the closet door and finds Trowa and
>Quatre in a seemingly uncomfortable position. Eyo decides to act innocent as their faces turn
red.
>
Eyo: There you two are! Everyone was worried sick about you! Uh, say, what were you guys doing
>in here anyway?(if it was humanly possible, their faces turned redder)

>Quatre: We were hiding from the Oompa Loompas.

>Eyo: Really?(raises an eyebrow) For someone so scared, Quatre, you sure put your hands in the
strangest places.(they both scamper out of the closet to 'hide' somewhere else)
>
 Eyo chuckles to herself and shuts the closet door behind her. She begins to move the
>camera, and her surroundings turn from mops and brooms into various bishounen. This is nothing
special for the redhead. She IS a kuroitenshi, after all.
>
Eyo: Let's start with.....Rurouni Kenshin bishounen!(oohs and ahhs like a child in a candy store)
>Uh, there goes Saitoh.....he's cool, um, yeah, there's Sano, ooh.....it's Kenshin! Hi Kenshin!!

>Kenshin: Oro? Oh, hi.(he has become very accustomed to this unexpected turn of events thing)

>Eyo: Moving on.....it's Yu Yu Hakusho! Pretty...(I remind you of that candy store..) Oops. I
don't think I can show you people too much Hiei and Kurama, it would ruin the rating. Let's see..
>.. ah, Flame of Recca! Hey, Recca! And there's Raiha and Mikagami...(Pounding on the door is
heard)
>
Yasashii: I heard that! Hey, why's the door locked?(huffs and puffs like the big bad wolf)
>Eyodius Belladonna, let me in right now!! I want my Mi-chan!(Mikagami has a confused look on his
face, which looks oh-so adorable!)
>
 The bailiff is heard from the front of the room again. Yes, this means that the trial will
>continue momentarily. The closet door opens and Eyo exits, leaving a

puddle of drool behind.
Yasashii sneaks a peek at her favorite bishounen and a janitor is soon in need to clean up all >the drool left behind by the two girls.
> Anyway, when we left off at the trial itself, Trieze was going to cross examine th witness.
>Trieze: So, Wufei, you killed a cat with a vaccuum.
>Wufei: Yep.
>Trieze: Why?
>Wufei: It was evil.
>Trieze: And how would you know if it was evil or not?
>Wufei: My vaccuum told me it was evil, so I took care of it.

>Trieze: Is there anything evil in this room?

>Wufei: Possibly.

>Trieze: Demonstrate how you find evil with that vaccuum of yours.

> And so, without further ado, Wufei put together his famous justice vaccuum. Upon closer
inspection, we see that there is a little itty bitty light on the hose. Wufei began to sweep the >room with it, sort of how you would operate a metal detector. He moved to his right, and the
vaccuum began to emit little beeping sounds. It got stronger and more rapidly paced when he >moved forward.....oops, too far. Back, to the right a little more, oops....to the left, back
some more... BEEEEEEP!!! Aha! The evil being pointed out is..... Relena. Figures. Since the >vaccuum can't digest a full body cast, Wufei moves on. Back towards the front of the room, off
to the left..... BEEEEEEP!!! It's pointing at.... the Oompa Loompas! Ha! We all knew they >were evil! Wufei points the vaccuum at the closest Oompa Loompa and began to suck it up. We
hear screaming and various pops and cracks coming from what we assume is the meat grinder. >Yasashii and Eyo are seen sitting with small bowls of popcorn in their laps and both are wearing
3D glasses. >
Eyo and Yasa:(ooh-ing and ahh-ing like they're watching a fireworks display) >
Yasashii: Hey, Eyo? Is the vaccuum supposed to have bulges like that?

>
Eyo:(munching on her popcorn) Yup.

>
 As soon as Wufei's demonstration was finished, Trieze began one of those

>"I'm-gonna-save-my-client's-ass" speeches:

>Trieze: As you all can see, Wufei was never acting out of spite or vengeance against Sally. He
only did what he thought would be best for the relative safety of everyone around him. It isn't >so much that he killed Mr.Fluffypants, but he freed Sally from a danger that she herself didn't
know existed. This demonstration obviously proves that the vaccuum is indeed an evil detector.

>We can only assume that Sally's cat was evil based upon that fact.

>Yasashii: Hey, wasn't this speech on Ally McBeal?

>Une: Ahem. Do you have anything to add, Sally?

>Sally:(indignantly) Yes! Can't you all see this conspiracy that's been laid before you!? It's
downright insane! An evil detector, he says. Evil, my ass! Mr.Fluffypants was the prettiest, >sweetest cat that ever lived!(falls to her knees dramatically)

>Une:(sweatdrops) Yeah. Sure. The jury will now decide the verdict. Remember, the vote has to
be unanimous.(the Oompa Loompas file out of the room and file right back in again after being

>gone for five seconds) Oh, back so soon?(the leader gives Une the verdict paper) Guilty.(spots
Trieze giving her puppy eyes) Oh, what the Hell. I'm overruling it.(tears up paper) Not >guilty. This case is dismissed.(pounds gavel and leaves arm in arm with Trieze)

> The camera then begins to move backward until we are back outside in the park. Yasashii
and Eyo are sitting on a grassy hill playing thumb war when Duo and Heero run up to them.

>
Duo: Hey, guys. Wanna see something cool?

>
Eyo: Sure.(Duo produces a small detonator and pushes the button. Of course, nothing happens)

>
Duo: God dammit! Why doesn't it work!?(repeatedly pushes button)

>
Heero: (reaching from behind Duo) Here, let me see it.(fiddles with detonator with his arms still >around Duo(kawaii!)) Duo, I think you forgot to turn the thing on.

>Duo: Oh, oops.(flips a switch and presses the button)

> KABOOM!!! The court house blows up in a spectacular blinding light show. All present
shadow their eyes with their hands.

>
Eyo:.....COOL!!

>
 They all sit and enjoy the show until something occurs to Yasashii.

>
Yasashii: Hey, what happened to the Oompa Loompas?(Duo surpresses a snicker) Duo....?

>
Eyo: Either that's an Oompa Loompa.... or a very mutilated teddy bear.(points to the water >fountain where the remains of an Oompa Loompa are floating)

>Yasashii: Eeew. There's another one.....and another. They're practically raining on us!

>Duo: Guess they didn't leave the blast radius in time. Oh, well. All's well that ends well.
(screen goes black and focuses in again on Hirde)

>
Hirde: This conludes our broadcast of The GW Files. Hirde signing off.(cheesy special effects >are displayed as Hirde disappears, a la Star Trek)

>

>End.....(AHHHH! Look down!)

>

>

>

>

>

> The camera turns around, revealing(not Duo), but a little green person with pointy ears and
big black eyes. It wears a silver space suit.

>
Alien: Don't take me to your leader. He's probably even more crazy than these people. And you >wonder why you think you're alone in the universe?!(it beams up as well, and the camera
harmlessly drops to the ground.)

>

>
Okay, now it's the end.

>
 Well, not quite yet. I still need to wrap up the whole kit n' kaboodle with an epilogue.

>Don't ask how the alien got there, cause I know less than you at the moment. Ja!
~Yasashii ;)

The Hard Working Life of the Gundam Pilots 09--Epilogue

>by: Yasashii
Disclaimers: (hooked up to a lie detector with electrocution as punishment for lying) I own
>Gundam Wing!!(BZZZZZZT-BZZZZT!!!!) I lied.(coughs up smoke)

>NOTE: Finally, the last chapter of this pathetic excuse of a series. However, I don't plan on
going away. I got other projects lined up to keep me busy over the summer. Hee, be afraid. Be
>VERY afraid. Oh, and watch out for yaoi in this one!

>Dedicated to all those wonderful people who suffered endlessly through this fic just to get to
the end.(no bishounen were harmed in the making of this fic, but the Oompa Loompas were)
>~Yasashii ;)

>*****

09--Epilogue

>
 It is evening now by a certain kitsune's house. It is a beautiful home overlooking the

>sea. As we look inside, we see.....that the house is nearly deserted. Well, all except
the living room where a crazy kitsune and a hyper kuroitenshi are seen playing checkers.

>
Yasashii: Well, this is a fine way to end a fic. Complete boredom.

>
Eyodius: Relax, Yasa-chan. They'll be here.

>
Yasashii: How do you know? They should have been here over an hour ago!

>
Eyo: Cuz if I didn't know them better, they could never pass up free food and a movie.

>Especially Duo. You are sure you invited everyone?

>Yasashii: Yup. Well, except Relena and Dorothy. They give me nightmares.

> Her(my??) statement is punctuated by a car slamming through the front door and stopping a
mere three feet from where the kitsune sat hunched over the checkerboard. The car hastily backs

>up and parks on the front lawn. Then out steps the cutest couple in the yaoi world, Trowa and
Quatre! Looking a little sheepish, Quatre ended the silence....

>
Quatre: We're here.(insert sweatdropping here)

>
 Yasashii looks disdainfully at her front door which is now in shambles.

>
Yasashii: Great. Now my door is just a hole in the wall. How am I supposed to fix that!?(As if

>in an answer to her prayers, Eyodius whips out the most useful substance in the known universe....
..... a massive roll of duct tape.)

>
Eyo: I came prepared.

>
Yasashii: You only brought that in the hopes of using it on Lunette.

>
Eyo: What's wrong with that?(she tackles the hole in the wall and finishes in five minutes.

>Amazingly, it looks as if the paint had never cracked, much less been run through. Great stuff,
that tape.)

>
Yasashii: Trowa, remind me to never let you drive ever again.

>
Quatre: Cheer up, Yasashii-san. Look, we even brought you a present!(we all notice for the first

>time that Quatre is holding a bundle of.....something in his

arms)

>Yasashii: Ooh, ooh! Whatchya bring me, whatchya bring me!?!

>Quatre: He was kind of left behind at the day care.(he tilts his arms in such a way that we can
see.....chibi Mikagami!)

>
Yasashii: WAI! KAWAII!!!!(claps her hands gleefully and snatches him up and holds him on her

>hip, as any mother would hold a toddler)

>Chibi Mikagami: (to self)Oh no.....cruel, cruel fate....

>Eyo: Why'd she get a present and not me?(pouts cutely)

>Yasashii: Cuz it's my fic. Oh, you and Trowa can have a seat.....if there are any more that
haven't been mowed over, that is.(Trowa has the courtesy to blush as the doorbell rings.

>Actually, the doorbell sounded something like an irritated mother-in-law,"Get the door, you
useless sack of bones!")

>
Trowa: What in the world..... Yasashii-san, you scare me.

>
Yasashii:(shrugs) At least I can hear it. I hate those soft chiming doorbells.(opens the door

>revealing Milliard and Noin. Presently, they are grumbling at each other but immediately plaster
smiles on their faces when they see Yasashii) Come in, come in! Uh, say, didn't you guys tell

>me that Lady Une and Trieze were coming with you?

>Noin: They are temporarily indisposed.

>Yasashii: Auf Englisch?

>Noin: They want to be *left alone.*(coughs discreetly)

>Yasashii: Ohhhh. Got it.("doorbell" rings again. Taken by surprise, Noin leaps into Milliard's
arms. Milliard smirks and takes Noin into the living room) YAY! Wu-chan's here! With
friends,even.

> Indeed, Wufei was seen standing on the front stoop with Hirde, Catherine, Sally, Duo, and
Heero in tow. At the moment, he was busy extracting himself from the women's grip. All three

>women were acting...well, odd. Hirde was giggling and tugging on his ponytail, Sally looked like
she was trying to arm wrestle Wufei with little success, and Catherine was juggling Wufei's shoes

>and sword.

>Yasashii: What did you do to them?

>Wufei: ME!? They're the ones who feasted on a bag of sugar cookies!(Hirde pulls particularly
hard on his ponytail and he falls backwards onto his rump) INJUSTICE!!(stomps into house quickly

>followed by the insane trio)

> Duo and Heero come in as well, but stop to chat a little. They actually look normal.

>Duo: Oi, Yasashii-san! We brought you a little something.

>Yasashii: Really?(feels someone tugging on her hair and looks down at chibi Mikagami)

>Chibi Mikagami: Hey, put me down. I'm hungry.

>Yasashii: Aaaaawwwwwwww....(holds him tighter) So, Duo, what did you get me?(Duo holds out a
little box with yellow words on the front.....).....A CHIA-PET!?(Eyo giggles madly, not

>unlike Hirde)

>Heero: He thought this might help dissuade you from getting a real pet.(Duo nods vigorously)

>Yasashii: Why?

>Duo: Because these don't bite.

>Yasashii: Duo, Fifi was probably just playing with you.

>Duo: Well, I don't like playing!(A.N.-my, my. What a rash statement to make, Duo....)

>Heero:(looks at Duo quizzically) You were playing just fine last night.....you don't like playing
anymore?
>
Duo: Heero, you know what I meant.
>
Heero: Prove it.(grabs Duo by the braid and strolls down the hall out of sight..... only to
>return ten seconds later) Where are all the bedrooms in this damn house!?!

>Yasashii: Uh, down that hall, second door to your right.

>Heero: Thanks.(shuts the door behind him and the squeaking of bed springs begin shortly after)

>Yasashii: Hm....good thing I stocked up on whipping cream. So, what should we do now?

> Silence greets the end of her statement. Minutes pass, the cows come home, pigs fly
through the window, chickens get lips and sing like Frank Sinatra, my dog is the next Einstein
>and Fabio still can't believe it's not butter. This, my friends, is what I'd like to call an
uncomfortable silence. It is soon broken by the growling of Wufei's stomach and he answers the
>call by heading to the kitchen. Everyone is soon engrossed by their own activities. Trowa and
Quatre play tic-tac-toe, Sally is playing Mario on a Game Boy, Yasashii is playing pattycake with

>her chibi Mi-chan, and everyone else is playing Twister. Of course, Eyo is the spinner.

>Eyo:(gleefully munching on some pretzels) Left foot- Green!

>Catherine: My left foot is already on green! Honestly, do you know what it's like to keep
getting conked in the head by a Peacecraft?! Their heads must be made of marble!
>
Milliard: Say that to my face!
>
Catherine: I am! You're an inch away from my head!
>
Hirde: Geez, dude, ya think you have enough hair?! It keeps getting in my face!
>
Milliard: Then keep your face out of my hair. Speaking of which, you stole Noin's hair style!
>
Eyo: Right hand- Yellow!
>
Hirde: I did not!
>
Noin: Catherine, do you think you could move over a little bit? You're crushing my arm.
>
Catherine: If I move, I'll fall!
>
Eyo: Left hand- Blue!
>
 Catherine tried to wrench her hand from red to blue, but Noin's shoulder bumped into her
>causing Catherine to lose her balance. She fell on Noin, who was practically underneath her, and
Noin knocked Milliard's arm from beneath him, which Hirde was leaning on to help keep her
>balance. They all fell to the mat in a heap of arms and legs.

>Milliard: Will someone get off of my hair?

>Noin: Quit kicking me in the head!

>Catherine: My foot is squashed.

>Hirde: Whose knee is on my hand? Oh, it's mine! Hehe!(everyone sweatdrops)

>Sally: No! Jump, Mario, jump!(furiously pushes buttons)

AAAAAAHHHHH!! I died again!
(everyone facevaults)

>
Eyo:(tosses the spinner aside) Screw this! I wanna do something else!(tilts head thoughtfully)

>Aha! I know!

> Eyodius then proceeds to run across the room and leaps over the back of the couch. She
looks around on the floor and by all of the furniture. Becoming disappointed, Eyo begins to

>search frantically, throwing areal rugs and throw pillows everywhere. She reaches in between the
couch cushions and emerges victorious.....she's holding the tv remote control. She plops

>herself down next to Yasashii, who is busy brushing chibi Mi-chan's hair.

>Eyo: Yasa-chaaaaaaaaaan...

>Yasashii: Purty hair.... shiny..... isn't it purty?

> Eyo shrugs and clicks on the tv. Hirde looks over her shoulder.

>Hirde: "The Magical World of Golf?"

> Eyo does a double take, grimaces, and flips the channel. The sight on the tv is quite
unusual. Eyo claps her hands gleefully and Yasashii looks up to the screen. In fact, every

>girl in the room(plus Trowa and Quatre) sat around the television and gawked aat the screen
appreciatively. Right there, smack dab in the center, were Duo and Heero doing the horizontal

>bop.....or colorful variations of it. Collective tilt head to the right....and to the left.

>Sally: They're really going at it, aren't they?

>Noin: I didn't know you could do that with plastic wrap.

>Quatre: Trowa, are you taking notes?

>Trowa:(scribbling furiously in a little notebook) Yeah, yeah...I hope I'm not missing anything.

>Catherine: Are they usually that flexible?

> At that moment, Wufei comes walking down the hall whistling. When he sees what's going on
in the living room, he turns on his heel and walks quickly in the other direction, not breaking

>stride.

>Yasashii: How'd you manage this one, Eyo-chan?

>Eyo: I hid the Bishounen Camera on a high shelf. Useful, ne?

>All: Yeah.....

> Sensing the lack of commotion, Heero pokes his head out of the bedroom door. He looks at
the tv, looks in the room behind him, and looks back at the tv again. He shrugs and waves his

>hand dismissively, then shuts the bedroom door behind him.

>

>

>Owari.(For real this time!!)

>
YAY! I'm finished! Sure took long enough. I don't know if I want to do a sequel series or not,

>so let me know what you think. Thank you for reading, I really appreciate it. Ja!
~Yasashii ;)

End
file.